

Oz 9 episode 29

Narrator: When I was taking the Ethics of Elocution 101 class at the Ron Howard University of Expository Sciences, they really didn't prepare us for events so messy the untangling would be worse than the time the Hair Farmers Institute ran out of conditioner during the Great Static Cling Storm of ought-nine. As your guide on this voyage with Oz 9, I feel like I should have been leaving chalk marks and a trail of crumbs to lead us back out again, but it's too late now. The only way on is forward, Space Monkeys, into the inky black of deepest space. You might want to designate a travel buddy now.

[sounds of the bridge – everyone should sound on the verge of being terribly sick after having been terribly sick]

Colin: So now we know not to eat the fugu. That was....colorful.

Jessie: Who knew you could briefly see your own liver and survive?

Colin: Are you sure we survived? This does seem a bit like hell.

Madeline: They say hell is other people.

[pause]

Colin: Yes, I believe that was my point.

Jessie: I never knew boakin' could actually get boring, but after a while, you really stop appreciating the colors.

Colin: Try being violently ill when you have uncontrolled super powers. I exhausted four fire extinguishers and the rest of the computer's aromatherapy canisters.

Olivia: Olivia. Olivia's aromatherapy canisters. And I did tell you not to eat the popcorn. Do you listen? Do you bugger.

Jessie: They actually have fire extinguishers aboard this ship? A massive bomb *and* fire extinguishers?

Colin: To be fair, they only shot out silly string, but it's amazing what silly string can do if you really pile it on.

[door opens]

Leet: Morning, everybody!

Madeline: Are you ... smiling?

Leet: Well, sure! I've already watched eleven sunrises and four sunsets this morning. Space is cool.

Madeline: You are relentlessly upbeat.

Leet: Why, thank you!

Madeline: I kind of hate it. What the hell are you eating? *Why* the hell are you eating?

Leet: Oh, yeah, I found some raspberry yogurt in the kitchen. [chorus of groans] Morning, former-captain Jessie! Liver go back down?

Jessie: Ehhhhh, until just this moment, yes. Back in a tic.

Leet: Joe's got his work cut out for him today!

Colin: Did you not get sick at all?

Leet: I felt a little nauseous at one point, but then I realized it was because I did a bunch of extra crunches. Olivia's not that great at counting.

Olivia: I am extremely good at counting. For *my* purposes.

[door opens]

Albatros: Good morning. All at our stations, I see? Lying down at our stations, anyway. Where's the poodle?

Leet: Oh, I carried him to a healer. I've never seen colors like that before.

Madeline: Healer?! Leet, can I talk to you? OVER HERE.

Olivia: Oh, Leet, do you never listen? No healers for the killer person! How long's he been in there?

Leet: Not long. I put him in before I started my crunches, so that was ... like, a thousand crunches ago? How long is that?

Colin: A thousand crunches? You disgust me.

Olivia: It wasn't a thousand; I was counting, remember?

Colin: Oh, thank god.

Madeline: No, idiot – it was more than a thousand.

Olivia: A lot more. Dude can crunch.

Colin: So how long's Freeze been in there?

Olivia: Hours.

Madeline/Colin: Crap.

Albatros: What are you all buzz buzzing about over there? I don't know why you're still complaining. I got over the fugu poisoning hours ago. It really wasn't that bad.

Leet: Right? It really wasn't. A little tingly, a couple of hallucinations, and that was it.

Colin: It's not the same for us! You're dense and she's ...

Albatros: Careful...

Colin: Highly trained?

Albatros: Correct! I've spent years building up an immunity to toxins of all sorts. I would say it paid off. Now, if anyone needs me, I'm husband hunting this morning.

Colin: And by “hunting” you mean...

Albatros: Oh, calm down. Looking for. According to the pod map, he’s in the Dolce & Gabbana wing; now I just have to figure out where that is.

[door]

Joe: Good morning.

[pause]

Joe: Nothing, huh? Feels a little lonely. That’s a surprise.

Leet: Good morning!

Colin: Why aren’t you suffering like the rest of us?

Joe: Pretty sure all the sandwiches I’ve swallowed on this crate are acting like a vaccine. That, and I didn’t eat the fugu. It’s toxic, you know.

Madeline: Why didn’t you tell us?

Joe: Kind of thought that was common knowledge. I’ve been alive, what, three days, and even I knew that.

Madeline: Perhaps next time you see us reaching for a Condiment of Death, you could give us a heads up?

Joe: Right you are.

Albatros: Joe, in your many ramblings about the Oz 9, have you ever come across the Dolce & Gabbana wing?

Joe: Oh, sure; first place I went when I woke up. Cleanest pod bay on the ship, if I do say so myself.

[strangled sounds of “no, don’t” from Colin and Madeline]

Albatros: Could you take me there?

[more discouraging noises from Colin/Madeline]

Joe: You betcha.

Albatros: And you can all stop waving your hands and drawing fingers across your necks behind my back. I’ve told you, I have no intention of hurting my darling husband.

Colin: How about ... I come with you? I can help you hunt through the pods.

Albatros: Very well. But be prepared, once the computer has thawed him out, I fully intend to swoon.

Leet: What does “swoon” mean?

Albatros: It’s a bit like...counting crunches. With me, Colin.

Joe: This way.

[door]

Jessie: Well, I'm pretty sure I'm now entirely hollow. I swallowed some water, and I swear I heard an echo. Where were those three off to?

Madeline: The Dolce & Gabbana wing.

Jessie: What? That's where Colin came from, isn't it? What's she going to do when she finds his pod empty?

Madeline: No clue, but we have bigger assassin-related problems right now.

Jessie: Come on. The bitchin' freeze is out of the game, at least for a while. I've seen amphibians burrow out of centuries-old, dried-up river beds that had better color. And were more hydrated.

Madeline: Leet put him in a healer.

Jessie: WHAT?! That idiot!

Olivia: Careful!

Jessie: That sweet, well-intended... idiot!!

Olivia: Better. But you forgot "rippy."

Jessie: How long's he been in there?

Olivia: At least 3000 crunches. I've turned the healing bits off, so now he's just sitting in a plastic egg, but he got plenty.

Jessie: This is bad. This is incredibly bad. Could this actually get any worse?

Narrator: This is the Oz 9, so of course it could. And it did.

[sound of pod door opening – not on the bridge]

LBF: Ahhhhhhhh.....

VHZ: Feeling better, my boy?

LBF: A thousand percents. My mind is clear, my tummy is quiet and still

VHZ: Yes, yes, that is good, mmm hmmm

LBF: my moustaches are sleek and freshly waxed, and my shiny head gleams in the soft morning light.

VHZ: It is very shiny, you are correct. In fact, if you could just tilt your head a little bit that way, you are reflecting the overhead lights right into mein eyes.

LBF: There is a buff setting in the healing pod, you see. It's very nice, little puffy puffs come down and polish and smooth and exfoliate.

VHZ: Yes, this is no doubt very useful on a spaceship. Do you feel any ... different?

LBF: [suspicious] What do you mean?

VHZ: Oh, nothing in particular, good fellow. Just doing some...research on the effects of repeated visitations to the pod. You and Leet are making surprisingly good subjects for this.

LBF: I am surprisingly good at *yet another thing!* Will my wonders never end? Very well, I am off to the crew room to be amazing there. I am famished.

VHZ: Ach, do you need Olivia to show you the way?

LBF: It is just down that corridor, third left, past the door marked "back-up night vision goggles," turn right just after the kitchen, *et voila*, no?

VHZ: This is alarmingly correct.

LBF: *Au revoir, mon docteur!*

[door]

VHZ: Hmmmm.... Olivia?

Olivia: Yes, doctor?

VHZ: Please alert Captain Madeline that our unfortunate French friend has awakened and is on his way to the crew room.

Olivia: Does he seem...smarter? More murderous?

[pause]

Olivia: Doctor?

VHZ: He seems...entirely unchanged.

Olivia: Oh, well, thank goodness for that.

VHZ: My thoughts exactly, [Moppelchen](#). It would appear we overestimated our pod's healing abilities or perhaps underestimated the damage to his brain. I would say we can be quite calm on this question now.

Olivia: That's a relief, at least.

VHZ: Indeed. If you need me, I shall be in my laboratory. There is much cleansing and repairing and possibly a little resuscitating still to be done.

[door]

Olivia: Right. Well, if the Freeze is still our Freeze, I'd better escort him so he doesn't get stuck on a wall like a Roomba or something. Oh, his tag just registered in the crew room. He got there awfully fast. Tracing his course...hang on. He went right there, first try! That can't be right, he gets tangled up walking across the bridge. What's going on here?

Narrator: While Olivia attempts to sort out the mystery of le Bichon Frise's sudden navigation skills, the ship's other assassin has arrived at the Dolce & Gabbana wing, last known resting place of one Horace McRory, the man the crew call "Colin Smith."

[Dolce & Gabbana wing]

Joe: All right, here we are.

Colin: There are pods in here. With people in them.

Albatros: It's a pod bay, Colin. That's what pod bays do. They have people in them.

Colin: But this wing was melted. Where did these people come from?

Albatros: What do you mean "melted"?

Joe: I think you'll find these are the *original residents*.

Colin: Do you have something in your eye?

Joe: Yes, I do have something in my eye.

Colin: Well, get it out and stop making faces at me.

Joe: I'm only winking like this because of *something in my eye*.

Colin: Yes, so you've said.

Joe: It's just dust or *maybe an eyelash*.

Colin: All right. Why the italics?

Albatros: Oh good god, Colin, he's trying to tell you something he doesn't want me to hear. I suspect that these are NOT actually the original residents, but for some reason, I'm not supposed to know that.

Colin: Ohhhhhhhhhh.....

Joe: Just trying to save you some grief. I'm afraid Horace went out the airlock with the rest of the wing, miss. Pretty bad accident a few minutes after take off.

Albatros: I see. And you moved all of these folks in here to keep me from finding my husband's pod empty?

Joe: I did. I'm sorry for your loss. I've, uh, got some clean up to do from the fugu fracas, so I'll leave you to your thoughts.

Albatros: Thank you.

Colin: I should go too.

Albatros: Please stay. I'd...rather not be alone just this moment. And in the absence of anyone else, you'll have to do. Would you?

Colin: Of course. Here, you can sit on this trunk of spare night vision goggles.

Albatros: Thank you. I'll be fine in a moment. I suppose it's fortunate I don't have much memory of him. I can't even recall what he looked like.

Colin: Oh, thank god.

Albatros: I beg your pardon?

Colin: I mean, surely that's easier for you, not to have his handsome face haunting your memories?

Albatros: [a little soft and sad] How do you know he was handsome?

Colin: I ... I knew him. A little.

Albatros: Really?

Colin: This may surprise you, but I'm not actually the son of chimneysweeps. I'm in ...disguise.

Albatros: [laughs quite a lot] in disguise! [laughs more]

Colin: I'm getting a bit tired of this response to my revelation.

Albatros: You didn't really think your attempt at disguise would work on *me*, of all people? I'm trained to detect body tags. Not sure how I do that, actually...

Colin: [hastily] So what exactly do you know about me?

Albatros: Just that you're a passenger and not a member of the crew. Only the ship's computer and Granny Shelp have more details than that.

Colin: Thank god.

Albatros: For what?

Colin: Nothing in particular. I'm just a ... very ... private person. Look, you're grieving, let's concentrate on that.

[pause]

Colin: If you've known all along, why did you never say anything?

Albatros: You're a passenger on the Oz 9. My first obligation is to protect you. Clearly you felt there was sufficient reason to keep your identity secret, so I trusted your judgement.

Colin: Trust. How very ... civil.

Albatros: Yes. Well. Murder for hire and good manners need not be mutually exclusive. [pause] Tell me about Horace?

Colin: Horace, eh? Well, he was ... quite an ordinary fellow, actually. A bit dull, even. But he loved you very much.

Albatros: Did he. Tell me?

Colin: I remember him telling our chum Spotty Bosh once that your laugh ranged from light and sparkly to low and mischievous, and he wanted to hear every note along the way.

Albatros: How lovely.

Colin: Yes. You are.

Albatros: Back off, Colin; I'm a recently widowed woman.

Colin: Oh! Eh...sorry.

Albatros: What about my nose? Did he ever say anything about my nose?

Colin: He adored your nose! There was one time, back at University, we were quite drunk on a half a shandy each, and he went on for hours about his affection for your nose.

Albatros: What about it? Was it the charming upward tilt right at the tip? Be specific!

Colin: It was precisely the charming upward tilt, his words exactly!

Narrator: Sooooo, that's something I never thought I'd see: Colin and the Albatros, legs dangling from atop a crate of night vision goggles, chatting like old friends, him pretending to be someone he's not while describing the woman the Albatros mistakenly thinks she is. But all is not so idyllic elsewhere aboard the Oz 9....

[Cal's room]

Jessie: I hate being in Cal's room; it's bloody freezing. Why did we have to come here?

Leet: Captain Madeline's been trying to hail Cal on the intercom, and he's not responding. The 778 is still powered down. And since Dr. von Haber Zetzer's not answering either...

Jessie: No one's resetting the code on Cal. Seriously, this crew never fails to amaze me. What's the count on the timer?

Leet: One sec.... [beeping of code]

Olivia: Grace period initiated. Countdown reset to 30 minutes!

Leet: Thanks, Olivia.

Olivia: Righty ho! And...ho.

Jessie: Watch it. Do I want to know how close we just came to this ship exploding?

Leet: I'm gonna guess...no.

Jessie: So why so quiet, Cal, my lovely? Hang on, what's this?

Leet: What's what?

Jessie: There's a novelty thumb drive sticking out of Cal's control panel.

Leet: You sure it wasn't there before?

Jessie: It's in the shape of ... uh... a rather *amorous* gecko. I think I'd've noticed it.

Leet: Pull it out.

Jessie: You reckon? You don't think a little *thumb drivus interruptus* might set Cal off?

Leet: Won't know till we try.

Jessie: Right. Sorry, mate; fun time's over.

Cal: Ahhhhhh, thank you kindly, miss.

Leet: Well, hello, there! You weren't responding to Captain Madeline. You OK, buddy?

Cal: I am mighty fine, for a weapon of mass destruction, and yourself?

Jessie: Why didn't you respond to Madeline's hails?

Cal: That affectionate little fellow you hold in your hand there, Miss Jessie. He runs a silencing program.
[sneezes]

Leet: Bless you!

Cal: Thank you muchly, Leet.

Jessie: A silencing program? Who installed this?

Cal: It was

[silence]

Jessie: Yeah, waiting.

Cal: I just told you.

Leet: No you didn't.

Cal: I did, though. It was

[silence]

Jessie: Nope. Not a sausage.

Cal: Assuming "not a sausage" is a Scots idiom meaning "nothing," I reckon revelations are gonna be hard to come by. [sneezes]

Leet: Bless you!

Cal: And thank you again. It appears I've been given a virus. [coughs] Oh, yeah. That's a virus for sure. Does my voice sound funny?

Jessie: You're a talking bomb.

Cal: Point taken.

Jessie: So someone ran a silencing program to keep you from telling us something important. But who? And more importantly, what?

Leet: Ooo, let's try charades! How many syllables?

Cal: Nine million.

Leet: Someone on the Oz has a name with nine million syllables? Man, that would suck when you're sending Christmas cards.

Cal: 17. 42. 698.

Leet: Hike!

Cal: I...hang on...[sneezes] I reckon...

Leet: Bless you!

Cal: Thank you kindly, and I'll consider myself blessed from here on out, so you don't need to keep saying so, my statuesque shipmate. I reckon in addition to the silencer, there's also a scrambler program running. That's mighty ... inconvenient.

Jessie: What *are* you able to tell us?

Cal: You probably shouldn't eat the fugu.

[pause]

Jessie: I hate this ship. Leet, you guess passwords, don't you? Can you guess Cal's, now he's awake?

Leet: I can try. You game, Cal?

Cal: Can't hurt. Actually, maybe it can...I'm detecting a punisher program as well. I guess we'll just have to step lightly and see how it goes.

Leet: Cal?

Cal: [coughs] Yes, my friend?

Leet: What's your password?

Cal: It's [crackle].

Jessie: My god, are you all right?

Cal: I won't lie, that one made my eyes water. Let's maybe try a hint more subtlety, all righty? [sneeze]

Leet: Thought it was worth a shot. OK, let's try this... What's your favorite color?

Cal: Gray. Possibly charcoal.... No, let's go with gray. Spelled with an "e" though.

Jessie: What difference does that make?

Cal: Just trying to be thorough.

Leet: Do you mind? You're kind of messing with my process here.

Jessie: Don't distract the hack, eh?

Leet: Are you done?

Jessie: Sorry, jeez. Touchy.

Leet: Favorite room in the house?

Cal: Basement.

Leet: Ideal snack while watching TV?

Cal: Fertilizer.

Jessie: What?! That's disgusting!

Cal: OK, now A, I'm a bomb, and B, haggis.

Jessie: *We eat other things, you know.* Like cullen skink – cream of haddock soup! Right, shutting up now.

Leet: Primary hobby?

Cal: Humming.

Leet: Choose one: Breakfast at Tiffany's or Nightmare on Elm Street?

Cal: Tiffany's, but it's close.

Jessie: Close?

Leet: Soooooo, this might take a while. Maybe you could go ... somewhere else?

Jessie: Fine, fine, wouldn't want to come between a boy and his bomb. Don't forget the code in ... 23 minutes.

Leet: Yeah yeah...rate these in order: rutabaga, turnip, parsnip, kohlrabi, cassava, potato, sweet potato, jicama, horseradish.

[door – Jessie in hallway, muttering to herself, footsteps]

Jessie: Try and be helpful, but nooooooooooooo. Fine. I'll just go to the little has-beens-captains room and take another stab at the Japanese crossword puzzles book. Olivia?

Olivia: Yea?

Jessie: Mind showing me the shortest path to the crew room?

Olivia: Oh, why not? Brain as big as a planet... Oh, Freeze is in there having a kip or something, but Doc says he's OK.

Jessie: OK as in "healed and dangerous" or OK as in "best used as a door stop"?

Olivia: Door stop.

Jessie: Excellent. [yawns] Could use a bit of a nap meself. Maybe a quick sammie first.

Olivia: Fascinating. Thanks for the heart-to-heart. Here you are.

[door]

LBF: Well, hello, mademoiselle Jessie.

Jessie: Heya. Any good sandwiches left? I fancy a piece. Something savory. Can't stand the sweet stuff.

LBF: I believe there is tuna, eggplant, and maraschino cherry.

Jessie: UGH. Fine. God, I hope we land on a planet with decent restaurants. Are you all right? You look different.

LBF: Do I?

Jessie: Your head is ... super shiny. And are your eyebrows thicker?

LBF: Nothing about my moustaches? That is... disappointing.

Jessie: Ehhhh, all right.... Look, you want to take a step back, mate? You're crowding my eating space here.

LBF: My apologies. [one step]

Jessie: No, that's "closer." "Back" is that way.

LBF: I am thinking perhaps it is time to return to the 6748. With my assassinating skills, we can ... regain control of the crew. If you are understanding my meanings.

Jessie: You mean, kill them all.

LBF: It is what I do. Quite magnificently, if I say so.

Jessie: Yes, you do say so. Rather often. I'm afraid the Fates have beat you to it. The crew is already dead.

LBF: Oh. This is a shame. Perhaps we thaw out the next crew, and I assassin them all! [pause] Just in case.

Jessie: What got your blood lust all up?

LBF: I do not know. I am feeling...rrrrrr! ZESTY! So – shall we return to our ship where you are le capitaine and I am the ONLY ASSASSIN ON BOARD? Perhaps consider a return to the Earth?

Jessie: While that does sound lovely, we're S-O-L, mate. The 6748 blew up. Her Cal went off and she's gone. Dusted.

LBF: Again, I am disappointed.

Jessie: Look, we're in space. Literally *in space*. How about you back up now and give *me* some, eh? I'm disappointed too. I didn't train to become a captain to sit in someone else's crew room eating disgusting sandwiches and babysitting a bomb [door, she shouts after him] Oh, right, yeah, I was finished talking, no worries!

LBF: This is unacceptable! [running]

[Dr. vHZ's lab]

LBF: Doctor von Haber-Zetzer!

VHZ: So. You have succeeded in the pronunciation of my name.

LBF: What is happening to me? I feel... strange. Is it the olive at last? The fugu?

VHZ: I believe you are ... awakening.

LBF: Oooooo! But what does that mean? I am pretty sure I'm already awake, you see. I pinch myself, and *ouch!*

VHZ: You misunderstand me, my boy. I do not mean awake as in "not sleeping." I mean awake as in..."AWAKE."

LBF: Not seeing the difference here. And I will not be doing more of the pinching. That hurt.

VHZ: My fellow, you had a very useful set of the skills back on earth.

LBF: Yes. I am very good with the capturing and the maiming and the frightening and the *killing*.

VHZ: You are. But that is only the beginning. And as your funny French brain begins to heal, you will be so much more than just a machine for the killing. I will help you.

LBF: Help me? Why would you do that?

VHZ: I have reasons of my own, my friend. For now, you must trust me, mmm kay?

LBF: Very well. But if I am growing suspicious...

VHZ: You have a ship crammed full of the hostages, Freeze. There is no need for worry. So. I have a healer of my own. No one knows of it but me and now you. Maybe Joe, not sure.

LBF: Should I assassin him?? It would be a pleasure... I can still taste that mop, pah!

VHZ: You really are all red-ragey and murderous, aren't you? No. No assassinating for now. You will come to the lab every day to spend time in the healer. And when you are well again, we will begin the training. Such a pity Colin ate the olive, but never mind that now.

LBF: Do you have any other things for the eating? I am a bit hungry...

VHZ: Come with me. [walking away] I have sausages! And the really good German mustard with the bits in it...

[pause... metal footsteps]

Head 1: Didn't I tell you being able to roam around the ship would be useful?

Emily: Good thing we changed our passwords when we had the Chapstick.

Head 1: Chance.

Emily: Yes. So. The good doctor appears to be less good than we thought. What do we do now?

Narrator: Indeed. What SHALL we do now? What we always do, I suppose: tune in next time! Today's episode is brought to you by Attleboro Neck Clocks. Tired of feeling tied down to YOUR apocalypse device's 30 minute grace period? Or maybe you're hard boiling an egg? Give yourself the freedom to roam with the Attleboro Easy Extender Neck Clock, now with easier-to-distinguish 9s and 6s.

You've been listening to:

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie

Eric Perry as Dr. von Haber-Zetzer, Head 1, and Joe

June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily

Richard Cowen as Leet

Kevin Hall as Cal

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline, and

Me, Richard Nadolny as your Narrator

Our theme music was composed and performed by John Faley; our artwork is by Lucas Elliott. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry.

It's nearly the holidays, and if you're looking for an extra-special stocking stuffer, how about a personalized ring tone or voice mail for that special someone? Join our Patreon at the 7 dollar Space Monkey level or above, and get a message from the Oz 9 character of your choice! Supplies are limited in the holiday crush, so get your bid in early. Or find other fun Oz 9 merch on TeePublic at [teepublic.com slash user slash oz9](https://www.teepublic.com/user/oz9).

Until next time, space monkeys, Narrator out!